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HILL AND VALE

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CLAUDE SHRYOCK TRITT



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LIEUT. HERSCHEL CRANSTON TRITT

Batt. B 306th F. A., 77th Div.



# HILL AND VALE

By

Rev. Claude Shryock Tritt

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*To the memory of*  
LIEUT. HERSCHEL CRANSTON TRITT,  
*my son, who was killed in action,*  
*at Cherry Chartreuve, France,*  
*while serving in Battery B*  
*306th Field Artillery, 77th*  
*Division, August 19,*  
*1918, this little volume*  
*is affectionately*  
*dedicated.*



## PROLOGUE

To exercise my mind awhile,  
Call forth a tear-drop or a smile,  
To contemplate things small or great,  
To increase love and decrease hate,  
To lift the weak or stir the strong,  
And thus to help someone along  
The rugged path of life's high-way;  
To lift the mist or clear away  
The clouds that darken someone's sky  
Or point a soul to heaven on high.  
Memorialize our loved and lost,  
Or of true service count the cost.  
But if this goal we cannot reach,  
(The wise we may not hope to teach)  
We may, perchance, leave here a thought,  
Which to some humble heart a draught  
Of living water prove to be.  
So with a prayer that some may see  
Within these leaves some real worth  
We send this little volume forth.

THE AUTHOR



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## Flag of Freedom

Flag of freedom, glorious, true,  
New-born emblem kissed with dew—  
Dew from eyes in contemplation,  
Emblem of our heart's devotion.

Your border stained all crimson red  
Is the blood that heroes shed  
In the cause of Liberty,  
And to end autocracy.

With your field all gleaming white  
Tells of purity and right,  
High resolve and purpose true,  
Peace on earth, and freedom too.

And your clustering stars of blue  
Tells of those, the brave and true.  
May the God of grace untold  
Suffer not one turn to gold.

## IN THE VALE

---

### A Father's Tribute

Where, O where is the little lad  
I trotted on my knee?  
Such bright and laughing eyes he had,  
And heart so full of glee.  
He answers not my anxious call,  
Nor meets my careful glance.  
They tell me that they saw him fall  
On the battlefields of France.

His heart beat true to freedom's need,  
The soul of honor he;  
The first to hear, the first to heed,  
And first across the sea.  
With valor death could not appall;  
To his men he said "Advance!"  
They tell me that they saw him fall  
On the battlefields of France.

At duty's post he could be found,  
He cowered not with fear,  
Though death lay thick upon the ground,  
And bursting shells were near.

## IN THE VALE

---

For God and country he gave all  
To help our cause advance;  
They tell me that they saw him fall  
On the battlefields of France.

Within that home where he has gone,  
Beyond the battle's strife,  
The land of joy and peace and song,  
In realms of endless life,  
Assured am I that all is well.

His Captain said "Advance!"  
So up he went from where he fell  
On the battlefields of France.

As valor's heroes we proclaim  
When ends this earthly strife,  
Reserve a space on the page of fame  
For those who gave their life.  
There are few that know, and none can tell  
By effort or by chance,  
The valor of those lads that fell  
On the battlefields of France.

## IN THE VALE

---

### The Service Flag

Flag of the brave, the noble, and free,  
The flag for you and the flag for me;  
Emblem of valor and service too;  
Emblem of freedom, born anew.  
Glowing with love and true devotion  
For those brave lads across the ocean.  
Every star in your field so white  
Tells of a heart death cannot afright;  
Tells of a father's silent dread;  
Tells of the tears a mother shed;  
Tells of the hopes of a nation bright;  
Tells of battles they must fight;  
Tells of the sacrifice we must make;  
Tells of a heart that's nigh to break.  
O flag in the window, thou flag of the free,  
Is the flag for you and the flag for me.

## IN THE VALE

---

### The Star that Turned to Gold

Kissed by the morning growing,  
Kissed by the noontide bold,  
Kissed by the evening glowing,  
Thou star that has turned to gold!

Shine on in thy valorous splendor,  
Shine on in thy wealth untold,  
Shine in our hearts made tender,  
Thou star that has turned to gold!

By the light of thy wondrous beauty,  
By the beam of thy glorious ray,  
We see the pathway of duty  
Leading on to a glorious day.

We will walk in the light of thy shining  
Though the blood of our hearts run  
cold;  
The pathway of duty finding,  
By the light of the star turned gold.

## IN THE VALE

---

### A Soldier's Dirge

Sleep, soldier, sleep;  
Sleep on and take thy rest.  
The evening shadows creep  
O'er earth's now peaceful breast.

Chorus:

Sleep, soldier, sleep;  
None shall disturb thy rest;  
May holy angels keep  
Thee safe among the blest!

Hard was thy toil,  
And fierce the battle's sway;  
Thou didst the foeman foil  
And wrest from him the prey.

Thou didst not see  
The haughty foeman bend;  
The strains of victory  
A thankful people lend.

## IN THE VALE

---

The grass is green  
Above thy lonely mound;  
No marble shaft is seen  
To mark the sacred ground.

But nobler far  
The monument we raise,  
As sun outshines a star,  
Our songs of grateful praise.

## IN THE VALE

---

### Is There a Home?

Is there a land of peace and rest  
From toil and sorrow free?  
A home where all the pure and blest  
Their Saviour's face may see?

Is there a home where I may meet  
With those I've loved and lost?  
O is there not some fair retreat  
For souls when tempest tossed?

O Sailor, tell me, as your bark  
Rides o'er the dashing foam,  
Is there one ray to pierce the dark,  
And guide us to that home?

Then to that country I would go.  
Dear Saviour, bring me home.  
But daylight wanes, the sun is low,  
And lonely still I roam.

Yes, in my Father's house above  
Where many mansions be,  
The Lord of Life, in boundless love,  
Prepares for them and me.



## IN THE VALE

---

### To-Morrow

Is there no balm for wounded hearts?  
No healing portion given?  
When they've been pierced by sorrow's  
darts,  
Or storm and tempest driven?

The highest joy our hearts can know,  
The same is true of sorrow,  
Whate'er may be our weal or woe,  
There could be no to-morrow.

There is no weight in joy or pain,  
In glory or in sorrow,  
If in our hearts we hear the strains  
Of a changed or changing morrow.

O! throbbing heart, be calm, be calm,  
Whate'er thy weight of sorrow,  
By faith I see a healing balm  
In God's eternal morrow.

## IN THE VALE

---

### Fate or Providence?

Did God make man with purpose high  
Place him in such condition  
That when he for his goal would try  
Fate mocked at his ambition?

So seems to us when sorrows come  
And all our plans are broken,  
While standing with amazement dumb,  
Yet know that God has spoken.

There is no fate—deaf, dumb, and blind—  
'Tis only God's kind Providence;  
'Tis but false notion in our mind;  
Should not disturb our confidence.

Fate's mocking is but God's intention  
To lead a human soul,  
And furnish him with inspiration  
To make a higher goal.

## IN THE VALE

---

### Love Cannot Die

My soul asks not for gain or wealth,  
For social joys or fame,  
But just to meet my loved in health,  
And hear them call my name.

O! Jesus can such wealth of love  
Be lost in death's embrace?  
No, I shall meet them all above  
And see them face to face.

## IN THE VALE

---

### Memory

Across the vista of the years  
    My lingering memory carries me;  
I hear the sighs and feel the tears,  
    And sense the joys—no more to be.

As 'round our home at evening time  
    The wintry shadows thickly grew;  
The smoke from out our chimneys climb,  
    Around the fire our chairs we drew.

The toil of day is now forgot  
    As the family circle gathers 'round;  
For peace and love there blessed our lot,  
    No saddening shadows there were  
        found.

They've come and gone, those fleeting  
    years  
    With their music re-vibrative  
Each vibrant chord within our spheres  
    Yields some joyous note or plaintive.

## IN THE VALE

---

The smoke yet from our chimneys climb,  
And thickly come the evening shades,  
And 'round the hearth at evening time  
The loved ones come, as daylight fades.

Ah! Here's the joy and here's the pain  
Those mystic years to us have brought,  
For flowers bloom where some are lain  
Who drank with us life's joyous  
draught.

The youngest maid and eldest son  
Sleep peacefully beneath the sod:  
In innocence her crown she won;  
From honor's field went he to God.

Around our hearth two vacant chairs  
Their mute appeal our hearts remind  
That we must climb the golden stair  
Our home and loved ones there to find.

Where'er I look, through memory's eye  
From lovelit circle to the sod,  
This earthly life doth touch the sky  
And point my pathway up to God.

## IN THE VALE

---

### Comfort in Trouble

My heart bowed down in sadness,  
While waves of trouble roll;  
Billows of surging madness  
Appall my fainting soul,  
And fill my heart with fears,  
My eyes with bitter tears,  
But the words of Christ, my Saviour,  
My comfort now shall be.

The grace of love forgotten  
In greedy passion's sway;  
The weak and poor downtrodden  
In beastly savagery,  
And hunger's piteous cry  
Is wafted to the sky;  
But the words of Christ, my Saviour,  
My comfort now shall be.

He's faithful that has spoken,  
He'll surely come again  
To gather all His chosen  
From sorrow, death, and pain,

## IN THE VALE

---

And take them all above  
Where all is peace and love,  
And the words of Christ, my Saviour,  
My comfort now shall be.

O Heart, then cease thy sighing,  
And wipe away thy tears,  
On His mighty word relying,  
Thou hence shall feel no fears;  
For the time is drawing near  
When Jesus shall appear;  
And the words of Christ, my Saviour,  
My comfort now shall be.

## IN THE VALE

---

### The Voyage of Life

My life is but a vessel fragile  
To sail upon life's troubled sea,  
Hope is her anchor, truth her sail,  
And heaven her glorious port to be.

For chart I have God's holy Word,  
And conscience is my compass true,  
My Pilot, too, is Christ the Lord;  
His faithful hand will guide me through.

Three perils doth my way beset,  
There's drifting, rocks, tempestuous  
gale,  
O Lord, may I then not forget  
As o'er life's perilous sea I sail.

If I my chart will ponder well,  
My compass watch with jealous care,  
When I am drifting, these will tell,  
Will tell me when, and how, and where.



## IN THE VALE

---

Temptation's rocks the foam may hide,  
My eye their peril may not see,  
By chart and compass I may guide  
My fragile bark safely in their lea.

Though winds may blow and storms may  
sweep  
I bravely face the angry gale,  
For hope is anchored sure and deep  
With that which is within the vale.

Sail on, my bark, o'er trackless deep,  
And lurk, ye rocks, beneath the foam,  
And blow, ye storms, and o'er me sweep;  
My Pilot's hand will guide me home.

O'er charted seas I onward sail,  
No troubling fears disturb my way;  
I'll anchor soon within the vale,  
When night has turned to perfect day.

More loudly now the breakers roar;  
I'm drawing near that heavenly land;  
My eager eyes now sight the shore.  
Behold yon heavenly waiting band!

## IN THE VALE

---

### Somewhere

Somewhere the cares of life will cease,  
Somewhere the soul shall find sweet peace,  
Sometime, somewhere, how sweet 'twill  
be!

My blessed Saviour's face I'll see.

Chorus:

O! Then my Saviour's face I'll see  
And with my loved ones I shall be.  
Sometime, somewhere, a joy divine  
Shall dwell within this heart of mine.

Somewhere the night will turn to day,  
Somewhere the shadows pass away,  
Somewhere I'll lean on Jesus' breast,  
Somewhere this aching heart find rest.

Somewhere our tears will all be dried,  
Somewhere in joy and peace abide,  
Somewhere upon a fairer shore,  
Our loved ones meet to part no more.

## The Cleansing Fountain

O! Where can rest be found,  
From all this grief and pain?  
My heart is sad, my soul bowed down  
With awful sin and shame.

My search has proved in vain,  
Despair has seized my heart;  
The awful anguish of my pain  
Seems more than one man's part.

O! Lead me to that Fount  
Where I may freely cleanse  
The foul pollution that I count  
My poor, sad heart now rends.

O! Soul plunge in that flood,  
That stream from Calvary;  
It is the Saviour's precious blood  
That bears thy sin away.

And now, to Christ be praise,  
My guilty heart is free;  
My foul pollution washed away:  
Christ Jesus died for me.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Love

'Tis love that finds that love divine,  
As life the light doth meet,  
And human love, though not sublime,  
Infinite love doth meet.

God plants within these hearts of clay  
The seed of love divine.  
His grace doth water day by day  
The tender, helpless vine.

This vine at last from earth shall climb,  
Entwined with that above,  
To never-ending heights sublime:  
A unity of love.

O! Christ, do Thou this heart of mine  
Prepare with showers of grace,  
That love from out this stony climb  
May meet Thee face to face.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Worship

To God, our Father, now we raise  
Our holy hymns of loftiest praise;  
But O! What soul can reach the strain?  
What mortal verse reveal Thy fame?

Tune Thou our hearts to loftiest songs,  
For highest praise to Thee belongs;  
Touch Thou our lips with coals of fire  
And make them chord with heavenly lyre.

To Thee, all-glorious above,  
We offer now our deepest love;  
Accept this humble sacrifice,  
And count it now our righteousness.

Our sacrifice Thou now dost own,  
Assurance send us from Thy throne;  
Thou dost respond to our desire  
And send the flaming tongues of fire.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Universal Peace

Great God, attend, we now entreat,  
And grant the boon our hearts implore;  
The prayer that we so oft repeat,  
That war shall cease and be no more.

The earth no more be stained with blood,  
Which from the days of sinful Cain  
Hath flowed a great, increasing flood,  
And cursed the world with untold pain.

Doth not the blood from Calvary's brow  
Suffice for all the sins of man?  
Then stay the hand that sheds it now;  
Send peace and thus fulfill Thy plan.

Speak Thou the word of calm command  
That stilled the angry, raging deep;  
Bid armies, then, for aye disband  
That earth the promised peace may  
keep.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

Bid heaven and earth proclaim that song  
By shepherds heard o'er Bethlehem,  
And bid men join the angel throng  
In "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### A Brotherhood Hymn

Arouse, ye heavenly patriots,  
And to His colors bring  
The strength of Christian manhood,  
For Christ, our royal king.  
Then sound aloud the bugle  
Above the roar and din  
Of earthly strife and carnage,  
For right the day must win.

To Armageddon marching  
See now the crafty foe;  
But Christ Himself will lead us  
As we to battle go.  
Then to the mighty conflict,  
Under His banner true,  
And deeds of royal courage  
Each soldier now must do.

Then strengthen your defenses,  
Fierce will the battle sway,  
For this the final conflict,  
And this the glorious day,



## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

When Christ His final vic'try  
Shall o'er the foeman win,  
And those who triumph with Him  
Shall conquer every sin.

Who to the end endureth  
A crown of life shall wear;  
A victor's crown becometh  
Him, who the cross did bear.  
At last the worthy vet'rans,  
Who in the conflict stood  
Shall all unite in heaven  
A happy Brotherhood.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### An Evening Hymn

Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath Day;  
May we in this hour of praise  
Witness wonders of Thy grace.  
May the gospel here resound  
And with holy truth abound  
Till the wills of men shall yield  
And the cleansing Spirit feel.

May this Sabbath evening hold  
Memories dearer far than gold;  
May the glories of this hour  
Ever hence reveal Thy power,  
By Thy vic'try over sin  
And Thy cleansing grace within,  
Do Thou, all our hearts relieve;  
We the double cure receive.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

Here by faith we fain would taste  
The sweet rapture of Thy grace;  
May Thy presence meet us here  
In that love that casts out fear,  
May we now commune with Thee,  
Blessed holy Trinity,  
Fairest of the heavenly host  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### God's Love

Thy wisdom, O my God, doth shine,  
In earth and sky so free,  
But O! Thy love, Thy love divine,  
That love that reaches me.

Thy power the starry hosts reveal,  
Reflected in the sea;  
Thy love alone our wounds can heal—  
It now enfoldeth me.

Thy wisdom, power, and glory, too,  
In nature I may see;  
This only can my heart subdue—  
Thy love that reaches me.

Of all Thy attributes divine  
That man may freely see,  
This one alone doth man decline,  
Thy love that reaches me.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### The Providence of God

O God, our everlasting head,  
In grief or pain, or guilty dread—  
To Thee, in humble penitence  
We now may come in confidence.

Thou hast reserved within Thy power  
Our joys and sorrows, hour by hour;  
Thou knowest now each throbbing heart;  
In joy or grief, Thou hast a part.

Thy word doth true assurance give,  
In whatsoever lot we live;  
All things for good, in sweet accord,  
Will work for those who love the Lord.

Our faith to Law we do not seal,  
Which cannot see or cannot feel;  
But Thou, O Living God above,  
Art wisdom, power, truth, and love.

Christian Unity

Blest be that union sweet,  
When in Thy house we meet,  
    In sweet accord;  
To dwell in unity,  
Pray in sincerity,  
Behold Thy majesty,  
    Within Thy word.

To Thee, O God above,  
We offer here our love,  
    In prayer and praise.  
May we Thy word believe,  
Thy spirit here receive,  
Do Thou our fears relieve,  
    Through endless days.

Break Thou, dear Lord, we pray  
The Bread of Life to-day;  
    And faithfully  
May all Thy truth be told;  
Thy wondrous power unfold,  
And we Thy face behold  
    Eternally.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### The Great Council

Could we, like Peter, James, and John,  
The mountain top ascend,  
Behold the Council of renown  
Which mighty things portend.

There Moses and Elijah came,  
With Christ, a Trinity;  
A council unsurpassed in fame,  
A glorious company.

One topic did their speech command,  
As they together spake;  
The sacrifice, that long was planned,  
To save for His name's sake.

And as they spake His countenance  
With blinding glory shone,  
And God, from heaven, did announce  
"This My Beloved Son."

We fain upon the mountain's brow  
Would still abide with Thee;  
But lo! Within the valley now  
A helpless sufferer's plea!

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

Thou hast Died for Me

Dark in the garden

Where the massive olives stand,  
Goes now our Sovereign  
With His little band.

Lonely, now, and weary

With the labors of the day,  
With burden so dreary  
He kneels there to pray.

Chorus:

Jesus, dear Jesus,

Thou hast made Thy off'ring free  
Jesus, dear Jesus,  
Thou hast died for me.

Through dark boughs shining

Fell the pale moon's silvery light,  
As for Him pining,  
On that solemn night.



## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

His disciples sleeping  
Did not feel His load of woe  
Nor the vigil keeping  
By the crafty foe.

Bearing the mocking  
Of the cruel, jeering throng;  
Answering nothing,  
Suffering fearful wrong.  
Patiently receiving  
All the curses of the law,  
And the judge confessing  
There in Him no flaw.

Then to the mountain,  
Weary, fainting He did go;  
There ope'd the fountain  
With its cleansing flow.  
While the mountains shaking,  
And in darkness God did hide,  
And the rocks were breaking,  
As the Saviour died.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Springtime in the Soul

As showers upon the thirsty ground  
When nature's pleading call is heard,  
So may, O Lord! Thy grace abound  
And living power in hearts be stirred.

As flowers deck the shady dale,  
When spring old winter's frosts replace,  
So deeds of love and kindness hale  
Thy soul refreshing showers of grace.

Let passion's wintry blasts subside,  
And tender flowers of grace appear,  
In every good with need divide,  
And sympathy for every tear.

How desolate would be the fields  
Without the springtime's cheerful  
bloom!

How dreary life, if it should yield  
Alone the somber fruits of gloom!

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

Then blow, ye breezes, soft and low  
Across these icy hearts of ours,  
Yea, melt the ice, and melt the snow,  
And bring the lovely springtime flowers.

O! May these flowers, within our hearts,  
Their sweetest perfume now send forth,  
And by the sweetness they impart  
With heavenly nectar fill the earth!

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### The Voyage

Let sorrow's deepest billows roll,  
And stormy tempests blow,  
My Pilot still the helm will hold,  
And safe my bark will go.

Though angry waves around me break,  
While lowering clouds appear,  
And hidden rocks within my wake,  
My soul doth know no fear.

Though darkest shadows of the night  
Their fancied horrors bring,  
My Pilot always doeth right,  
Then faith can calmly sing.

Serenely on through storm and tide,  
While fearful billows roll,  
My little bark will safely glide,  
And I shall reach my goal.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

While still the trackless path I hold  
For my cherished port afar,  
I through the rifted cloud behold  
A bright and beaming star.

Its light reveals the heavenly land;  
The fearful rocks are past;  
My bark has pressed the golden strand,  
I've anchored safe at last!

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### A Missionary Hymn

Go forth, ye gospel heralds,  
Ye heaven-anointed band,  
And spread your joyful carols  
Within each sin-cursed land.

Your Master bids you hasten  
The joyful news to bring  
To native land and heathen,  
The message of your King.

Though Satan may oppose you,  
And fiery trials assail,  
Your Master walks beside you;  
Ye must not, cannot fail.

Heed not the blasts of winter  
Or summer's scorching sun,  
Nor hesitate nor falter  
Until your task is done.

A King His regal mission  
Has trusted to your hand;  
Then haste to every Nation  
And compass sea and land.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Lord of Life and Death

Within a dark and somber tomb  
The Lord of Life was laid,  
Bright angels from the heavenly home  
Their holy vigil made.

Within that lowly rock-hewn cave  
They wrestled till the day  
And Death to Life the victory gave—  
The stone was rolled away.

The Mighty Conqueror burst His bands  
And conquered death for me,  
His pierced side and nail-marked hands  
Proclaim His victory.

Then wing the news to every land:  
He is not here, but risen!  
Let gloom be driven from every strand  
Since Christ has ope'd the prison.

O! Shout for joy, ye sons of men,  
And cease your earthly strife,  
For Christ is now, as He was then,  
Lord both of Death and Life.

## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

---

### Liberty, Sweet Liberty

For war the despot's hordes are trained,  
Liberty, sweet Liberty.

Imperiled is thy gentle reign,  
Liberty, sweet liberty.

Then grasp thy trusty blade of steel,  
May not thy heart one tremor feel,  
Thy loyal sons shall guard thy weal,  
Liberty, sweet liberty.

Behold the tyrant's ruthless sway,  
Liberty, sweet liberty,  
Thy gleaming sword his hand must stay,  
Liberty, sweet liberty.

Remember Belgium's cruel wrong,  
Remember France's slaughtered throng,  
And Britain's call in prose and song,  
Liberty, sweet liberty.

Then wake, ye sons of Freedom's soil,  
Liberty, sweet liberty,  
And not for power, or not for spoil,  
Liberty, sweet liberty.



## HYMNS AND SHORT POEMS

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Thou'll't strike the monster with thy  
    might  
And put the boastful Huns to flight  
And show the world that "Right is  
    Might",  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.

From north to south, from east to west,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty,  
Thy loyal sons shall never rest,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.  
Until Democracy shall reign,  
And all thy enemies are slain,  
And victory shall swell thy strain,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.

The God of Right thy leader be,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.  
So shalt thou reign from sea to sea,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.  
Ye sons of Freedom, raise a prayer;  
'Twill help in victory "Over there",  
And glorious garlands thou shalt wear,  
    Liberty, sweet liberty.



## MISCELLANEOUS

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### Grace for the Commonplace

Elijah on the mount found grace  
A host of Baal's priests to face,  
But when the throng had ceased to rave  
He hid within a shrinker's cave.

Lord, give me grace for plodding days,  
The toilsome task, the weary ways,  
Uncheered by friends, or glad applause,  
Inspired alone by noble cause.

The pulseless soul may strong appear  
While shouts of tumult reach his ear,  
But O! The lonely, lowly task!  
'Tis grace for this, my Lord, I ask.

My heart can with the eagle fly  
'Mid stirring battle, do or die,  
But O! For grace, my feet to stay  
Within life's lonely, dusty way.

While others ask for glorious sign,  
Or for applause of hosts may pine,  
Give me the courage, power and grace  
To bear the test of Commonplace.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### The Ballot

Columbia's sons will gather  
From valley, plain, and hill,  
From forest, prairie, and hether  
To register their will.  
With kingly mien and splendor,  
Ye stalwart sons arise,  
And to your country render  
The wealth of your franchise;  
Come, mount your thrones, ye freemen,  
And each your scepter bring,  
For unto you is given  
To reign—an uncrowned king.

The power of thy scepter  
Is felt across the sea,  
'Mid thrones of royal splendor,  
Thy throne shall loftier be.  
You inherited your kingdom,  
As sons of noble birth,  
Through the valor of thy kindred,  
The knightliest race of earth.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

Then in mercy, truth, and wisdom  
Thy scepter thou shalt wield  
Till earth shall feel thy freedom  
And wrong to right shall yield.  
To every sin-cursed nation  
Thy freedom thou must bring  
Till man in every station  
Shall reign an uncrowned king.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### The Cloud of Darkness

The bitter pains that Christ did bear,  
His lonely agony,  
The burden of man's guilt and care  
Were borne upon the tree.

Oh! Not in anger, not in wrath,  
Did God the heavens veil  
As Jesus trod death's lonely path  
While angry mobs assail.

While Jesus hanged upon the tree  
The darkness veiled the skies  
That God, the Father, might not see  
His anguish as He dies.

For who could look upon that scene,  
With tender heart of love?  
The cloud of darkness came to screen  
The Father's eye above.

The darkness that came o'er the sky  
Was for the Father's sake,  
For if the Father saw Him die  
The heart of God would break!

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### Holy Communion

This holy bread I humbly break  
In deep humility,  
In sweet remembrance thus I take  
Thy body broke for me.

And of this cup I now partake,  
Thy blood so rich, and free,  
A full atonement thus to make  
For guilty souls like me.

Lord, help me in this sacrament  
Sincerely to discern  
The precious boon, by heaven sent,  
Thy death till Thou return.

That by this Holy Feast, O Lord!  
My soul may nourished be  
Until all come, in sweet accord,  
To dwell in peace with Thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### My Mother

Fond memory brings to me a face  
Of one, to me most dear,  
Whose loving heart, and gentle grace,  
Once charmed away my fear.  
Resplendent with love's beauteous ray,  
'Twas beauteous as no other,  
The idol of my childhood days,  
The face of my dear mother.

Within the chambers of my soul  
A sweet voice echoes still,  
With cadence sweet its billows roll  
And joy my heart doth fill.  
No sweeter voice e'er stirred my heart,  
Of friend, or sister, brother,  
No kinder words could they impart,  
Than those of my dear mother.

No earthly friend have I e'er known  
With greater wealth of love,  
Nor with more constant fervor shown,  
Than she that's now above.



## MISCELLANEOUS

---

Oh! Loving heart, that yearned o'er me  
When I could love no other,  
My constant love I still give thee,  
My own, dear sainted mother.

Those weary hands that wrought for me,  
Within my youthful days,  
Greater reward shall bring to thee,  
And greater mead of praise,  
By service that these hands of mine  
Shall give unto another,  
In memory of the service thine  
Hath wrought for me, dear mother.

That face, that voice, that heart, that  
hand  
My memory still enthrall  
Until in yon bright heavenly land  
I hear my Saviour's call.  
I'll gladly go to meet Him there  
And with Him is another,  
Whose face to me is wondrous fair,  
My precious, angel mother.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### The Church Beautiful

'Tis not the stately wall or dome  
Nor richly chiming bell,  
Not these, alone, can make a home  
Where God would dain to dwell.

The weary traveler, weak and lone,  
Slept peacefully on the ground,  
By thought divine made desert stone  
A house where God was found.

'Tis not in boasted song or prayer  
Nor builder's art applied,  
But where devotion fills the air  
That God is glorified.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### O Matchless Love

O matchless love, how sweet thou art!  
That stooped to share a sinner's woe.  
Happy the thought I share a part,  
Thy boundless pardon now to know.

No measure can my guilt compute,  
No mortal can its bounds declare;  
Angelic hosts, with wonder mute,  
That God with man such love should  
share.

My guilt, though great, does not surpass  
The measure of redeeming grace.  
Thy boundless love will yet embrace  
The last of Adam's sinful race.

O matchless love, O grace divine,  
How can my tongue thy grace declare.  
Look thou within this heart of mine,  
O Jesus, Thou canst read it there.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### On the Death of a Christian

The shades of evening darken  
The golden sunset's gleam,  
The mist of the river tells me  
I've reached the silent stream.  
The boatman pale,  
With shadowy sail,  
Has come to bear me home.

The loved ones who still linger  
Within the vale of tears,  
I hope to meet them yonder  
In the rolling sea of years.  
By faith pursue  
The journey through  
To reach the shining shore.

The grief and pain and sorrow  
Of weary days gone by,  
I leave them now forever  
For a glorious home on high.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

For joy is ever  
And pain is never  
Found on that shining shore.

With tend'rest words of parting  
To those I love most dear,  
As my trembling feet are planted  
In that bark, which seemed so drear.  
Then out with the tide  
And onward I glide  
To reach that golden shore.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### On the Death of a Little Child

A gleam from out the darkness,  
A light from the boundless deep,  
It paused a moment in kindness,  
Then left us here to weep.

God will these sunbeams gather  
And store them all above  
In that home of wondrous splendor—  
That Paradise of Love.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pond'rous cycles of our God  
Move swifter than the hours of man;  
And moments, by His measuring rod,  
Fulfilling centuries in His plan.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### On the Death of Rev. R. W. Laughlin and Wife

Ye weary pilgrims, rest awhile  
    Within your lowly bed,  
From which your Saviour hath beguiled  
    The fear that death had fed.

As gently sinks the sun to rest  
    When a summer day is done,  
Doth thou recline in Jesus' breast,  
    Thy glorious race is run.

Thy feet have trod life's rugged path,  
    Thy conflicts now are past,  
You've fought the fight, you've kept the  
    faith  
And lo! You're crowned at last.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### On the Death of an Aged Christian

I linger on the shores of time  
And see my friends depart,  
Across the dark and mystic line  
I see each loved bark start.

So one by one my friends depart  
Across the mystic sea,  
And leave transfixed my wond'ring heart  
In solemn reverie.

Until, alas! I stand alone  
On the shifting sands of Time,  
For all the friends that I have known  
Have crossed the mystic line.

O come, thou silent messenger,  
Come with thy phantom sail,  
I, too, would be thy passenger;  
I'll brave the stormy gale.



## MISCELLANEOUS

---

The shores of time doth now recede;  
I'm gliding o'er the water;  
My Pilot's face assureth me  
The dawn will bring the harbor.

Lo! now the mist has cleared away;  
My bark the shore is nearing;  
With joyous heart I calmly pray  
My landing may be cheering.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### I Want to be a Soldier-Man

I want to be a soldier-man  
And help to fight for Uncle Sam.  
Mamma says I'm not old enough,  
Though papa says I'm awful tough;  
I want to march when the companies  
    form  
And have a gun and uniform,  
And follow the flag up and down  
When it goes through the streets of town.

I want to be a soldier-man  
And help to fight for Uncle Sam  
And wear a cap and suit of blue  
And show the folks what I can do.  
But papa says 'tis just as brave  
To help this nation now to save,  
To take a hoe and do what I can  
To raise some food for the soldier-man.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

For uniform give me blue overall,  
In them I can stand up straight and tall,  
For weapons give me hoe and seeds  
And all the things a farmer needs,  
A piece of ground for practice and drill,  
Then a soldier's place I'll surely fill.  
Now tell me, reader, if you can,  
Am I not a real soldier-man?

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### The Unconquered Land

(A graduating poem)

Our bark has touched an unknown land,  
A vernal shore inclining;  
A land where stately mountains stand,  
With flowing rivers winding.  
Rich valleys of uncounted worth  
With massive forests hoary,  
And treasure stored deep in the earth,  
Some sparkling gems of glory.

Who dares to enter in this land  
To reap its golden treasure  
Must have a sturdy heart and hand,  
And patience without measure.  
For every valley has a hill,  
And every hill a valley,  
For every good there is an ill,  
So mirth is purchased sadly.

This land is for the brave and true,  
Not cowards or not sluggards,  
Who conquers it must dare and do,  
Not dream or idly slumber;

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

The sweat alone of honest toil  
Rich harvests are repaying,  
So will we reap with courage royal,  
On God and self relying.

We banish every base desire,  
And every selfish pleasure;  
Press forward, then, through flood and fire  
To seize its golden treasure.  
Maintaining our integrity,  
All foolish fears deriding,  
Our counsel keep with dignity,  
In God and self confiding.

We'll conquer then this goodly land  
And seize its golden treasure;  
By patient toil with heart and hand  
Its goodness we will measure.  
And whatsoever mete for praise  
Angelic tongues are voicing,  
We then shall have, through endless days,  
In God and self rejoicing.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### To a Frog

Mornin', little hop-toad, where have  
    you stayed,  
All winter long, in sunshine and shade?  
O! That is your secret, do you say?  
Spose you've quarters for which you  
    do not pay.  
All right then, just keep your secret well,  
But you needn't fear me, for I wouldn't  
    tell.

We have missed you now for quite a while  
As wintry winds the snow high piled.  
We really wondered if you were dead,  
We found you not in field or shed,  
In grassy plot or beside the pond  
Where oft in summer you were found.

But here you come, hopping by my door,  
As you used to in days of yore.  
You look so wise as you blink your eye;  
Your coat is stained with nature's dye.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

Full down to your knees your green  
pants go,  
With black mits covering each finger  
and toe.

You're a wise old froggy, I'm sure that  
you are,  
Your home must be in land afar  
Where old winter's winds are never heard,  
The land of flowers and singing bird.  
How came you so soon, from that land  
afar?  
Did you float on the breeze or ride on  
a star?

You mock me, you croaker, please do tell,  
You look so hearty and so well;  
I know you have not hopped so far,  
'Cause such a hop your health would mar.  
There you go without saying a word,  
As if my questions were absurd.

## MISCELLANEOUS

---

### The Owl

A wise old owl sat on a tree  
Stately and solemn all day long,  
One mournful call, his only song,  
Who-who, who-he.

He had prowled about all night you see,  
Gathering his food from field and fen,  
A rabbit, a mouse, or a nice fat hen,  
Who-who, who-he.

Quite proudly now he sits in the tree,  
If you disturb his slumbers or cross his will,  
He will rustle his feathers and pop his bill,  
Who-who, who-he.

You're a thief, sir, 'tis plain to me;  
You seek your food under cover of night.  
One answer he gives, then shuts his eyes  
tight,  
Who-who, who-he.

He's surely as naughty as ever can be.  
Though of all sins, he's guilty of half  
He will look in your eye, and boldly laugh,  
Who-who, who-he.



## Postlude

Dear reader, if this book has been  
Unworthy of your reading,  
Remember, that one fact within  
Its pages is redeeming.

Perhaps upon that fact alone  
Will rest its greatest merit.  
(We may not reap where we've not sown,  
So we with patience bear it.)

The fact to which we here allude  
With greatest certainty,  
You surely will with us conclude,  
Is just its brevity.

With this apology we close  
This book of varied rhyme,  
It is the way that we have chose  
To use our leisure time.











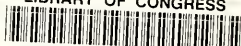








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